

Espejo Mágico

Sinfonía Visual 529



Duane Michals



Duane Michals: Dr. Heisenberg's Magic Mirror of Uncertainty, 1998



HEISENBERG'S MAGIC MIRROR OF UNCERTAINTY





The act of looking into the mirror affects what the image will be.



MADAME SCHRÖDINGER'S CAT

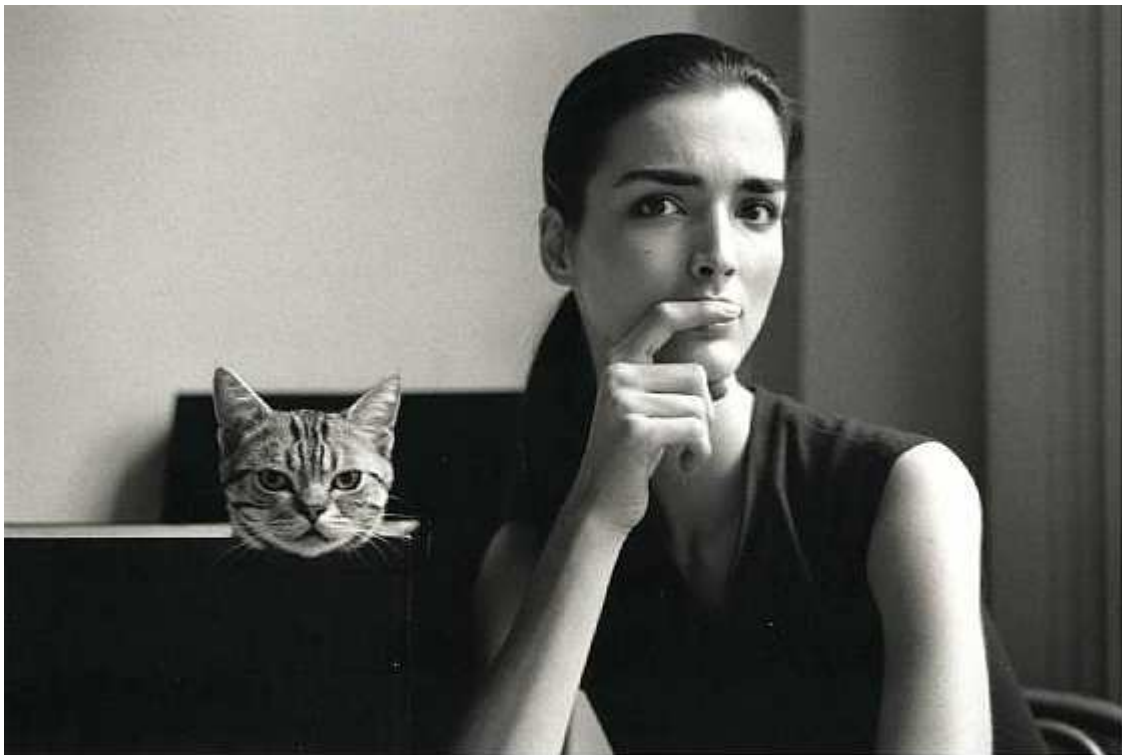


INSIDE THE BOX.

MADAME SCHRÖDINGER WONDERS IF HER MISSING CAT IS OR IS NOT



THE CAT, WHICH MAY OR MAY NOT BE INSIDE THE BOX,
WONDERS IF MADAME SCHRÖDINGER IS OR IS NOT OUTSIDE THE BOX.



MADAME SCHRÖDINGER AND HER CAT ARE BOTH WONDERING WHAT THE PROBABILITIES
ARE THAT AT THIS MOMENT YOU ARE READING THIS.

MADAME SCHRÖDINGER'S CAT



MADAME SCHRÖDINGER WONDERS IF HER MISSING CAT IS OR IS NOT

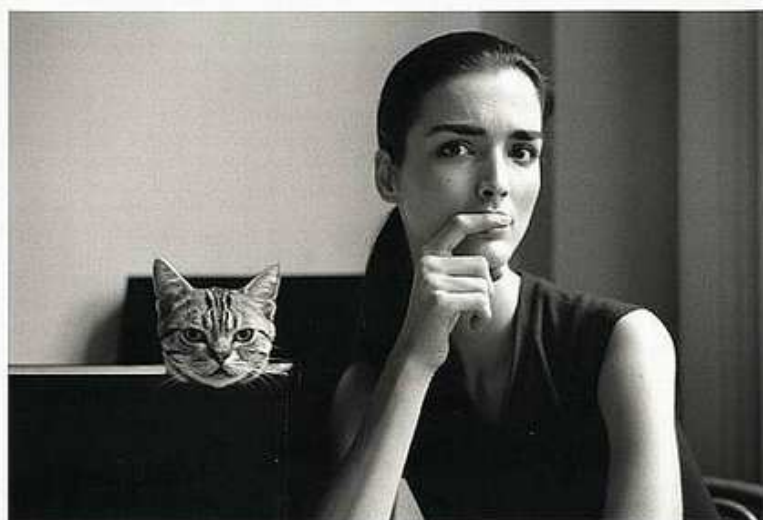
INSIDE THE BOX.

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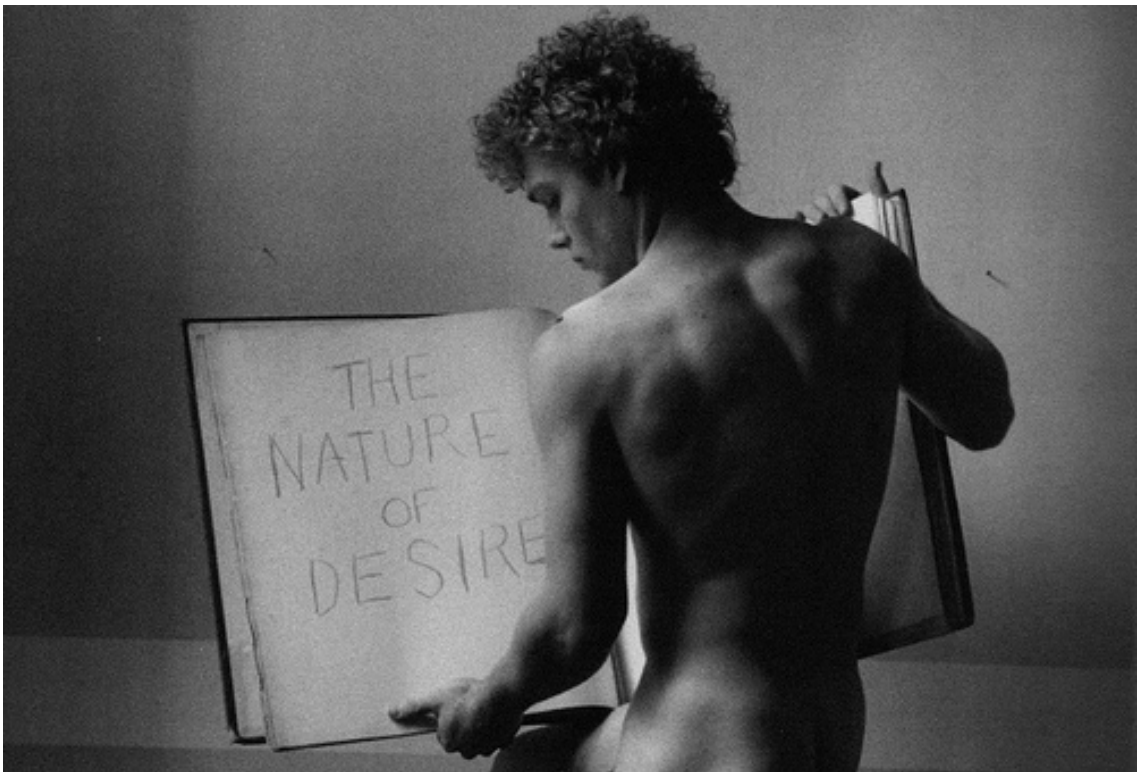


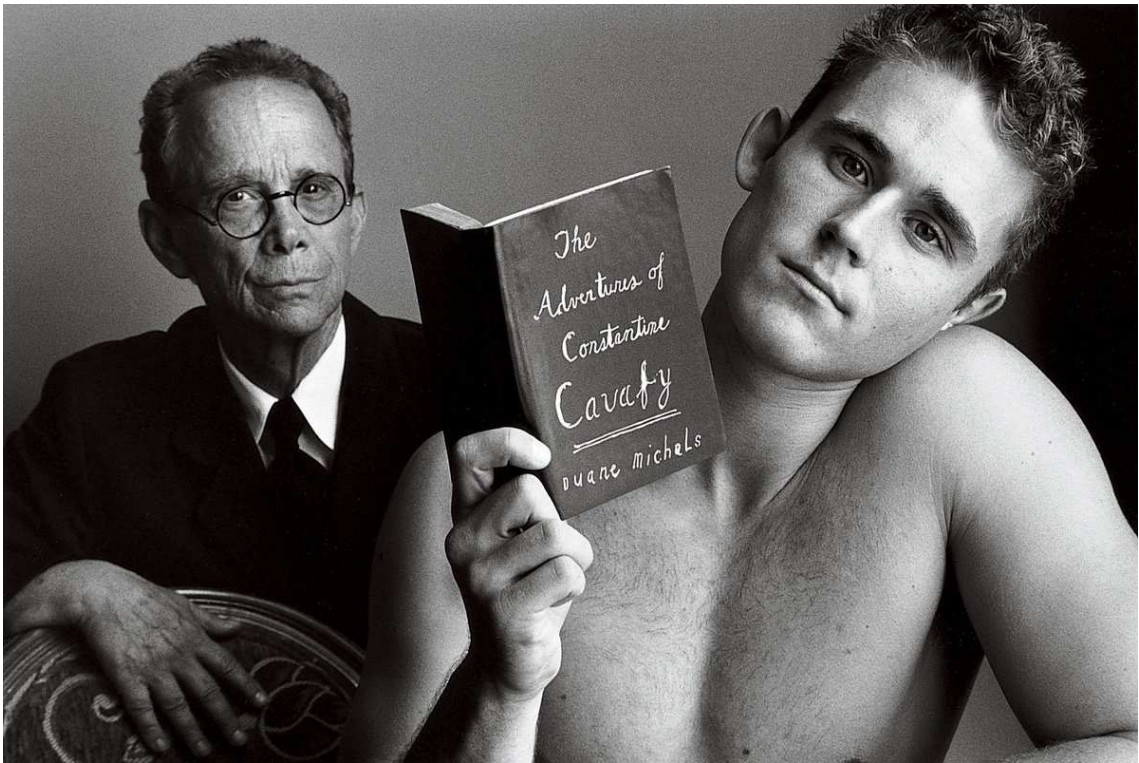
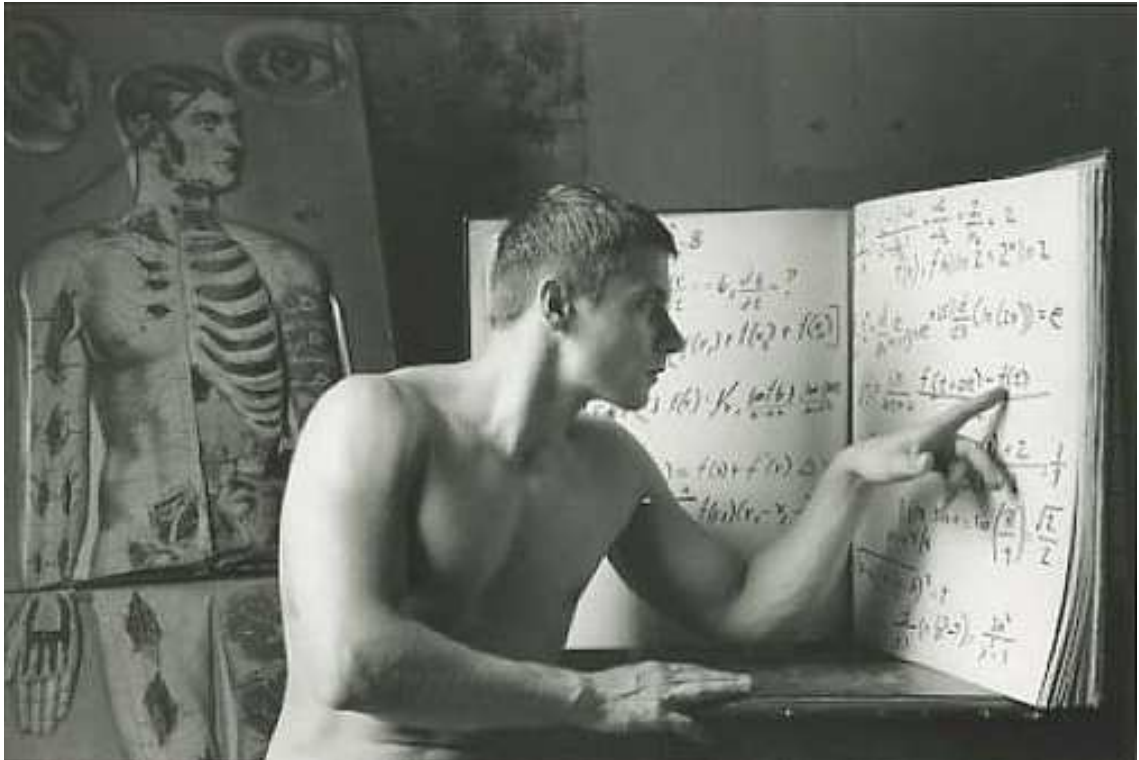
THE CAT, WHICH MAY OR MAY NOT BE INSIDE THE BOX,
WONDERS IF MADAME SCHRÖDINGER IS OR IS NOT OUTSIDE THE BOX.

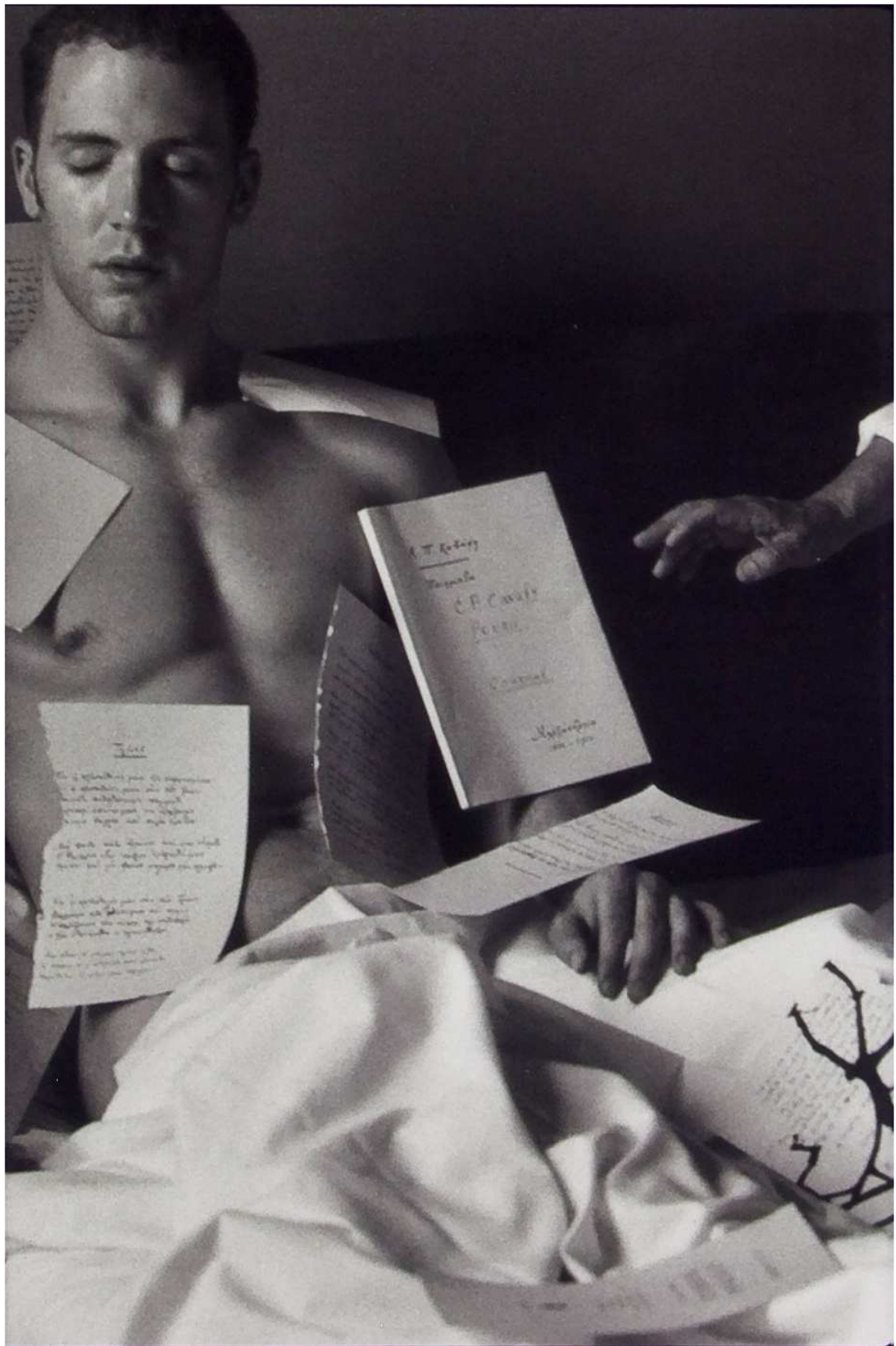
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MADAME SCHRÖDINGER AND HER CAT ARE BOTH WONDERING WHAT THE PROBABILITIES
ARE THAT AT THIS MOMENT YOU ARE READING THIS.









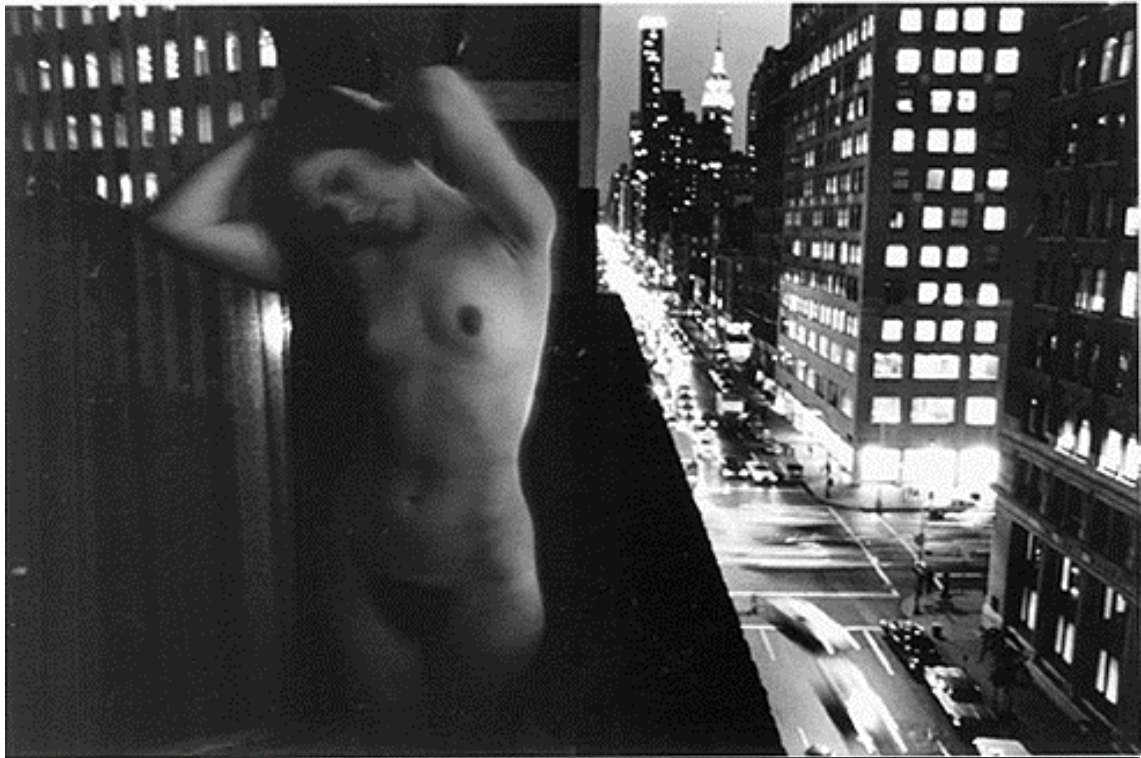


Magritte with Hat





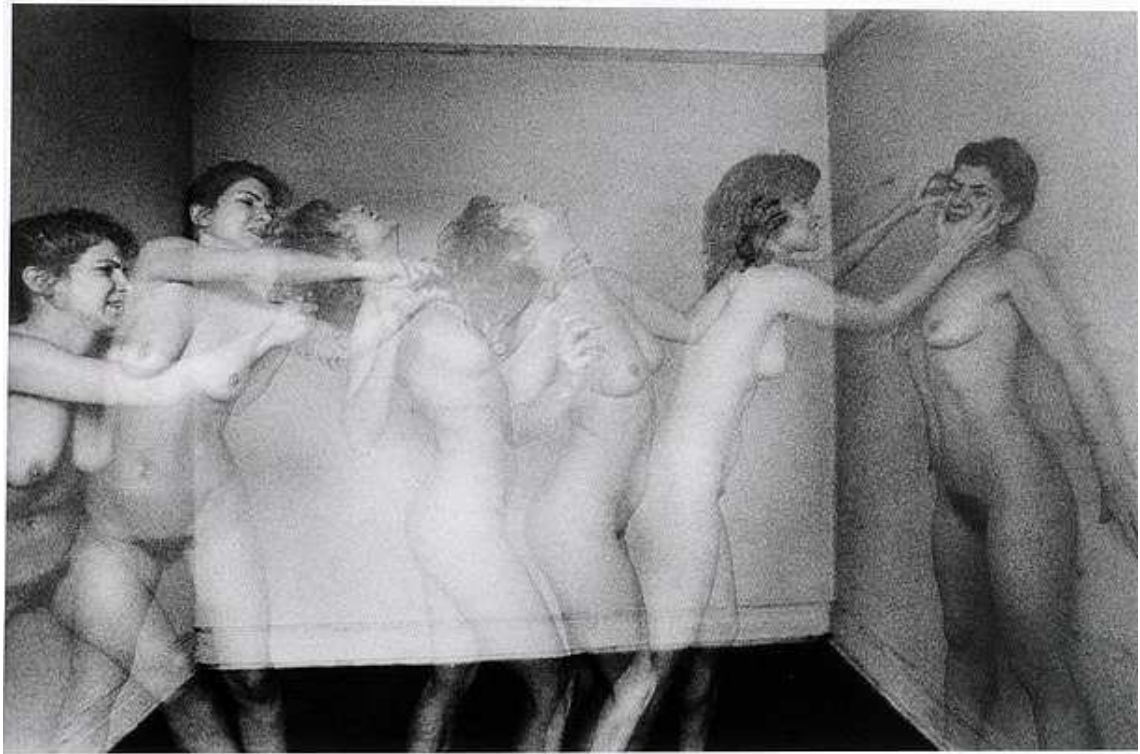
A WOMAN DREAMING IN THE CITY







VIOLEN WOMEN





THE FALLEN ANGEL





The Annunciation

JOHN MICHAELS 6/25

THE FALLEN ANGEL







Nude Observed



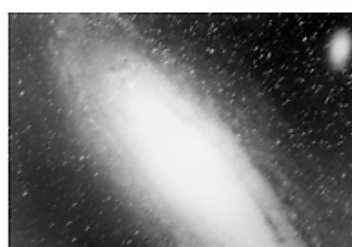






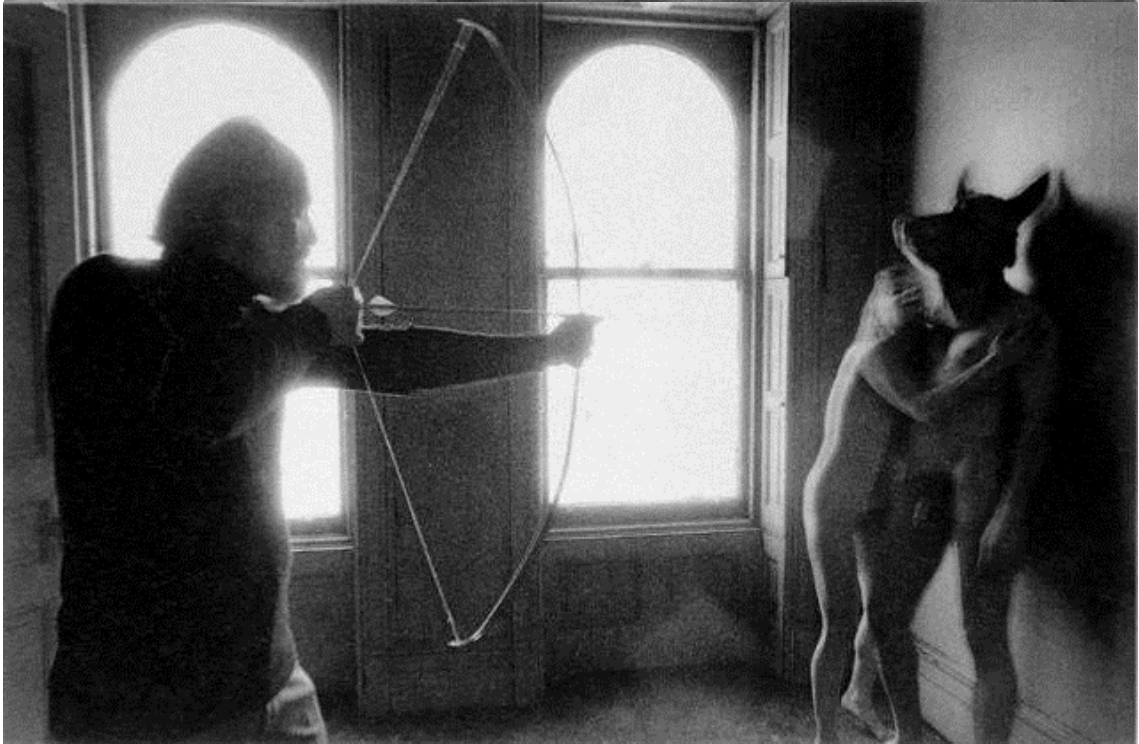


THE BUMP CARTON







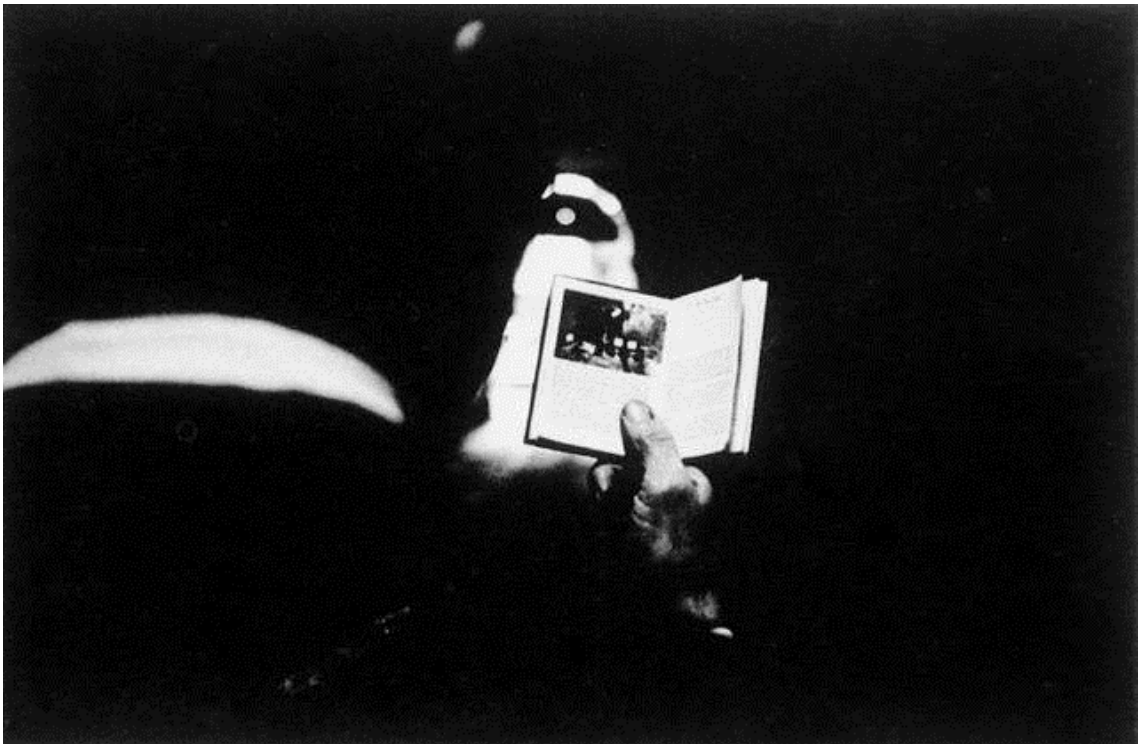


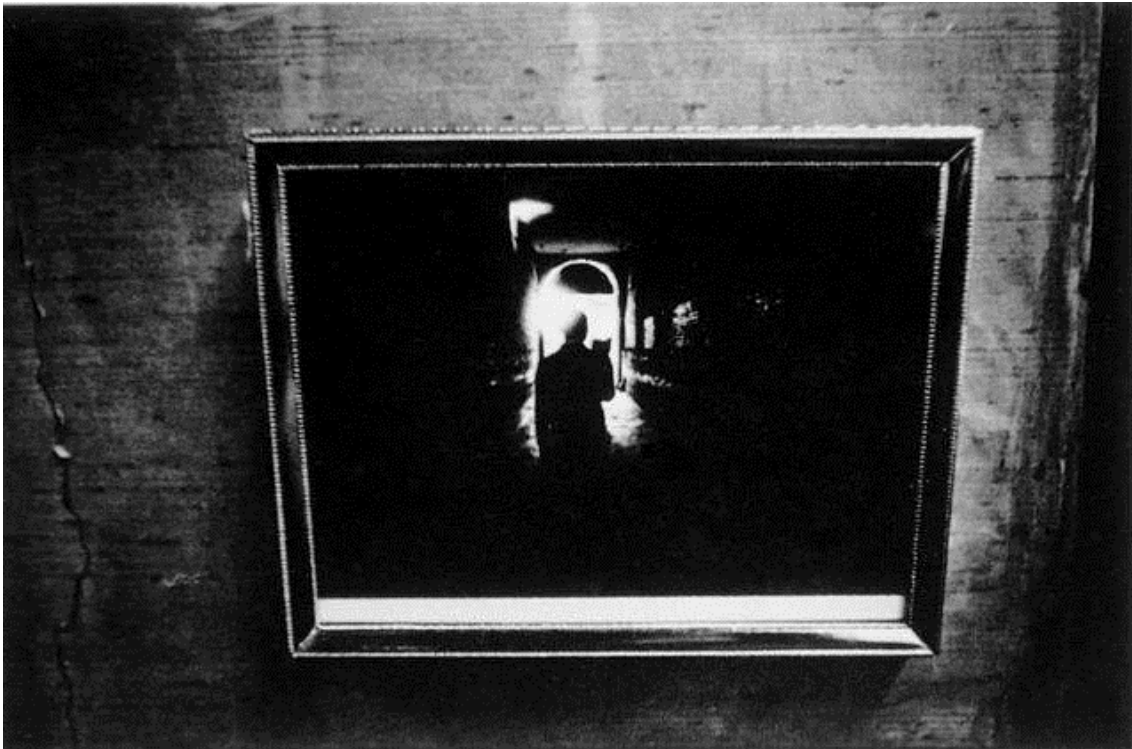




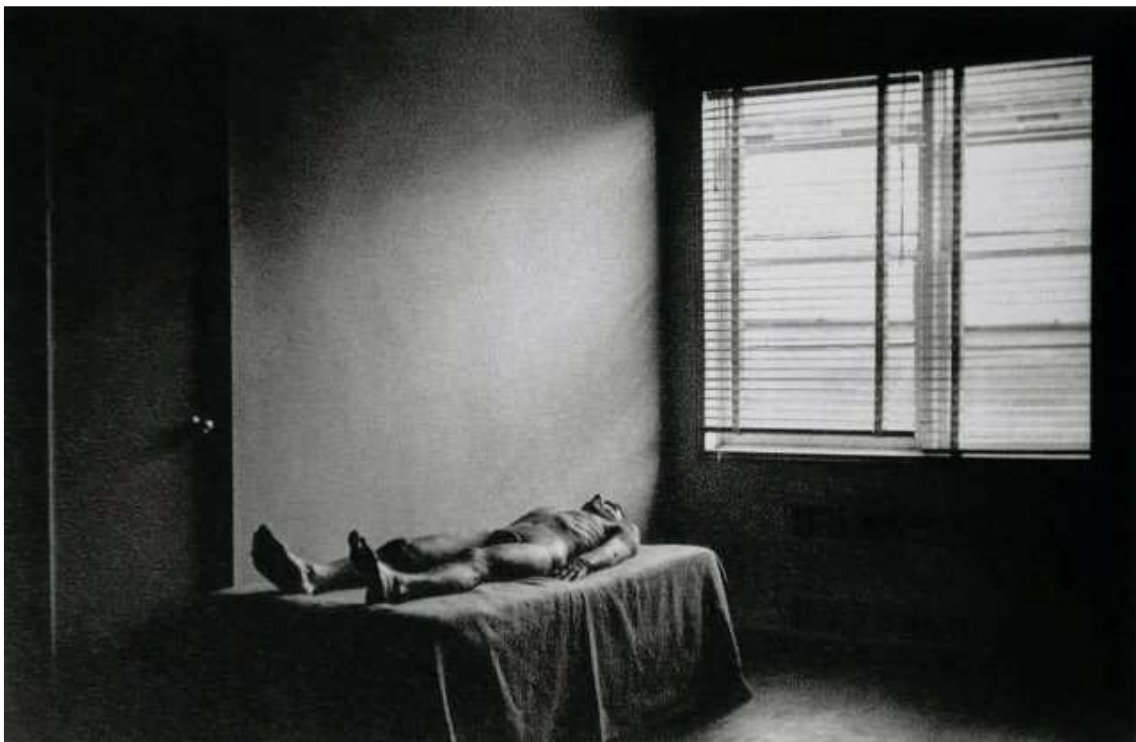


where the giant unlocked a cellar door and showed him gold: 'One is for the poor, the second for the King, and the third for you.' Just then the clock struck twelve and the giant vanished the boy in total darkness. Next morning the King came to see what had happened. 'My dead cousin came to see me and he showed me three treasure chests in the cellar; but I was too shy to open them.' The King was overjoyed: 'You have saved me,' he cried, 'and you may marry my daughter.'

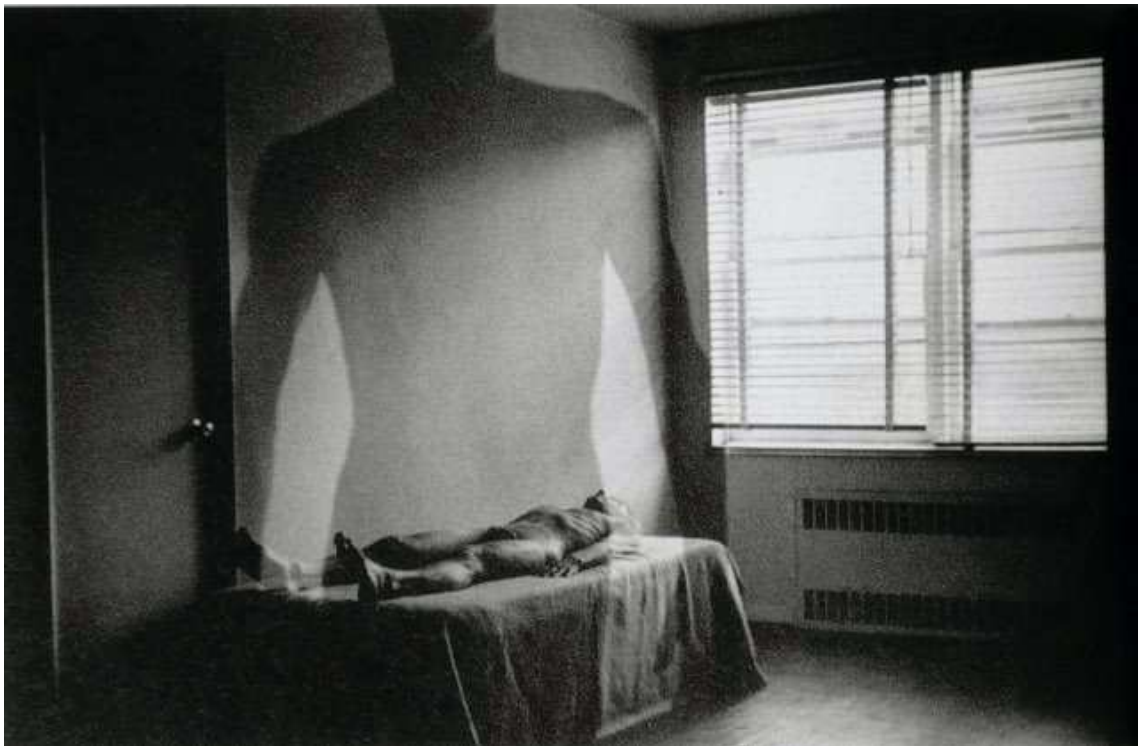




THINGS ARE QUEER





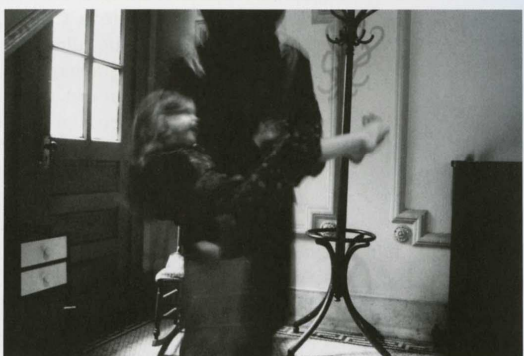


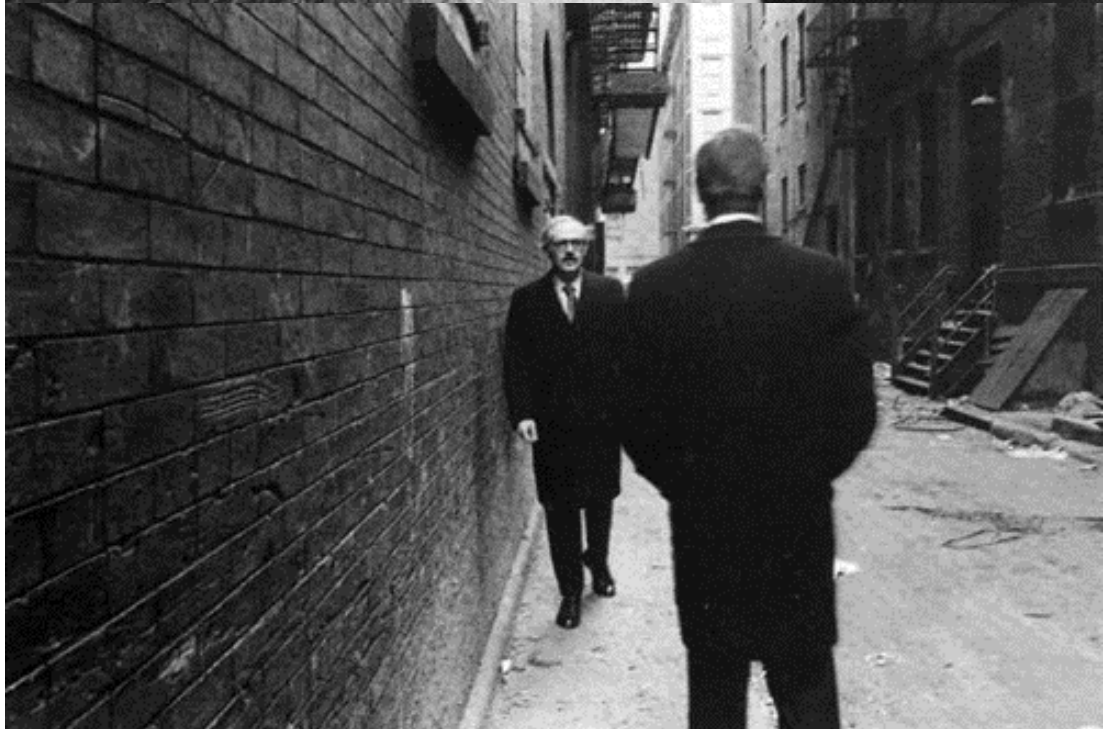
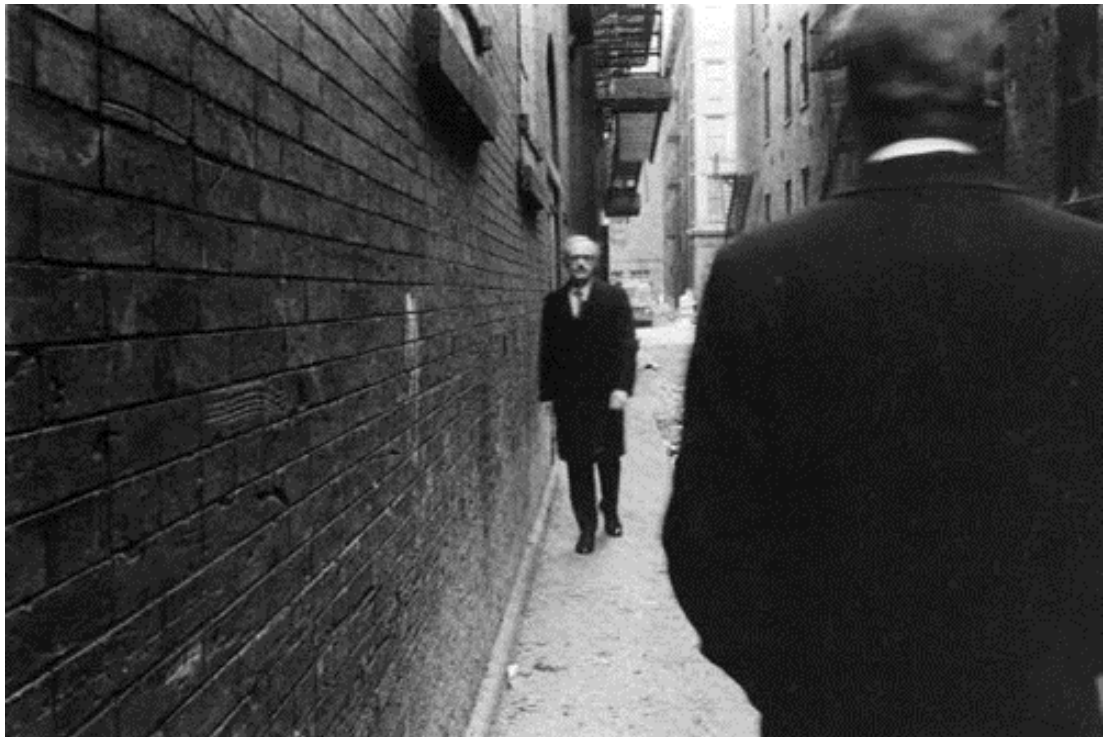


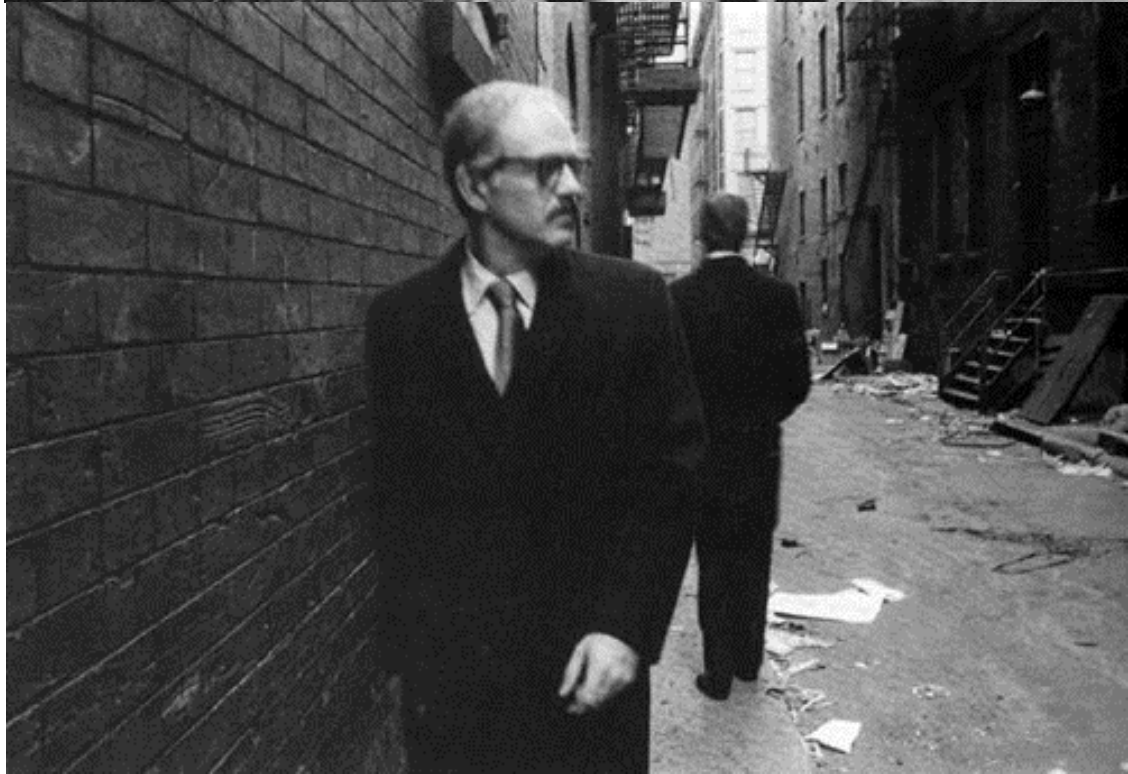
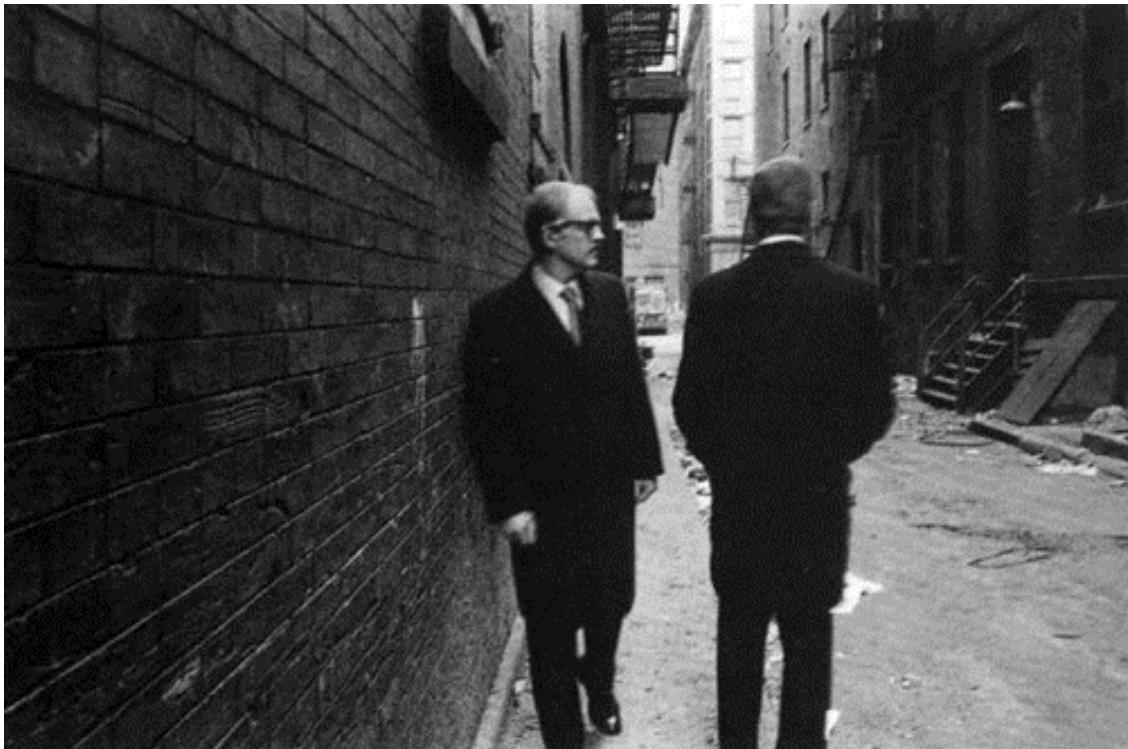










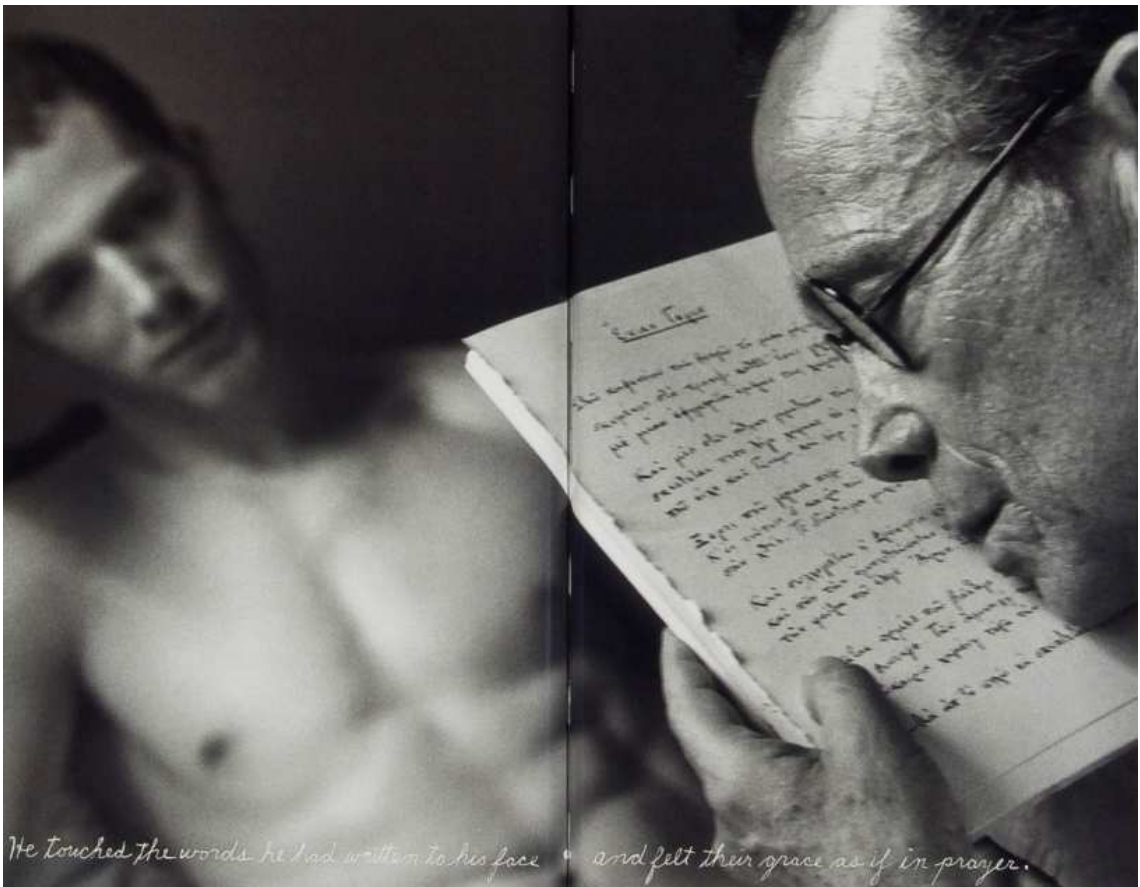




CHANCE MEETING







He touched the words he had written to his face • and felt their grace as if in prayer.

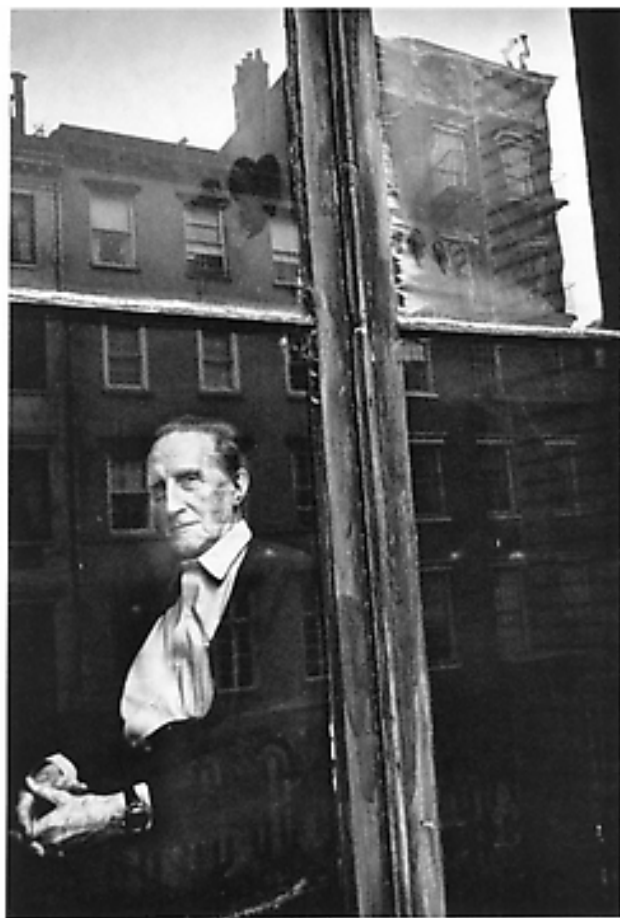
THE UNFORTUNATE MAN



The unfortunate man could not touch the one he loved. It had been declared illegal by the law. Slowly, his fingers became toes and his hands gradually became feet. He began to wear shoes on his hands to disguise his pain. It never occurred to him to break the law.



When he was young, he could not imagine being old. and now that he is old, he cannot imagine ever having been young.



Marcel Duchamp lived behind my apartment
on tenth street when I lived on ninth street.
1964



M^cKeesport is a myth in the fable that is my life.
It only exists in the library of my imagination.



I believe we leave echoes of ourselves behind,
in those rooms where our lives were first defined.
Sometimes there is a moment redux,
when the flux of time becomes transparent.
It is a reverberation of recall,
a subtle sense of recognition within a shrouded familiarity.
Suddenly the clarity of second sight
Mother says my name, "Duane, Duane."
"Daddy's home, it's time to eat."
I seat myself at the table. The soup is ladled.
I know it once again, like a bite of madeleine.



This photograph is a fossil,
a fleeting moment preserved as a specimen of time.
on film, the way ancient insects are in amber.
Time is a string that threads together
each indivisible instant like pearls
of an infinite seamless necklace.
Eternity is the absence of time.
By a serendipitous intersection of time and place,
the threads of my families' lives were woven
together into the fabric of this shared ~~the~~ moment
in Andy's photographic tableaux of our clan
in the garden long ago.



Grandfather seemed to be like Lear.
 He reigned his court with love and fear
 To pass his tests, his sons paid his gambling debts.
 He let them pay without regrets.
 But it was Eleanor he loved the best.
 Between dreams and death,
 he waited for his Cordelia to come home.
 When she arrived to say goodbye, he died.



The kitchen pulsed with the heart beat of the house.
It was the epicenter of life, where strife sometimes occurred,
and happiness could be heard.

Here my family flocked to nest.
Mother baked to celebrate.

In the history of cakes, hers were the best,
and father groused, when slightly soused.

It's where we Merry Christmased and Happy Birthdayed,
and my parents played their games,
at the same kitchen table where we cried,
the night when Anka died.

What a primal pleasantry, stirring tea by the fire,
and listening to the kettle's murmur,
free from the freezing winter's BRRR.

It was the place, where I embraced all goodbye,
when I first roamed a homesick seventeen.



When I was a boy, everyone called me Sonny.

Something is finished.
The shadows of these empty rooms
have bequeathed me the reality of death.
This legacy has left me diminished and bereft.
in a way I can't express.
Although Sonny has gone with all the rest,
he still lingers with every breath I breathe.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH IS MY PROOF

*This photograph is my proof. There was that afternoon,
when things were still good between us, and she embraced
me, and we were so happy. It did happen, she did
love me, Look see for yourself!*

This photograph is my proof. There was that afternoon, when things were still good between us, and she embraced me, and we were so happy. It did happen, she did love me. Look see for yourself!

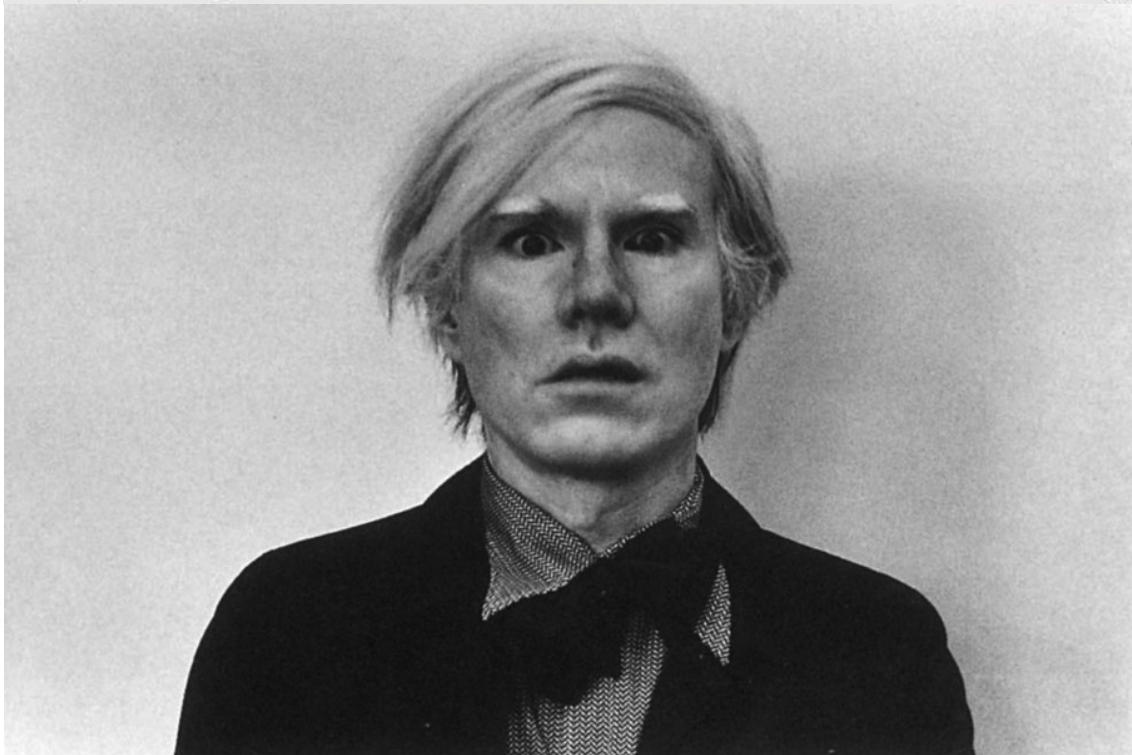
Duane Michals, 1974.

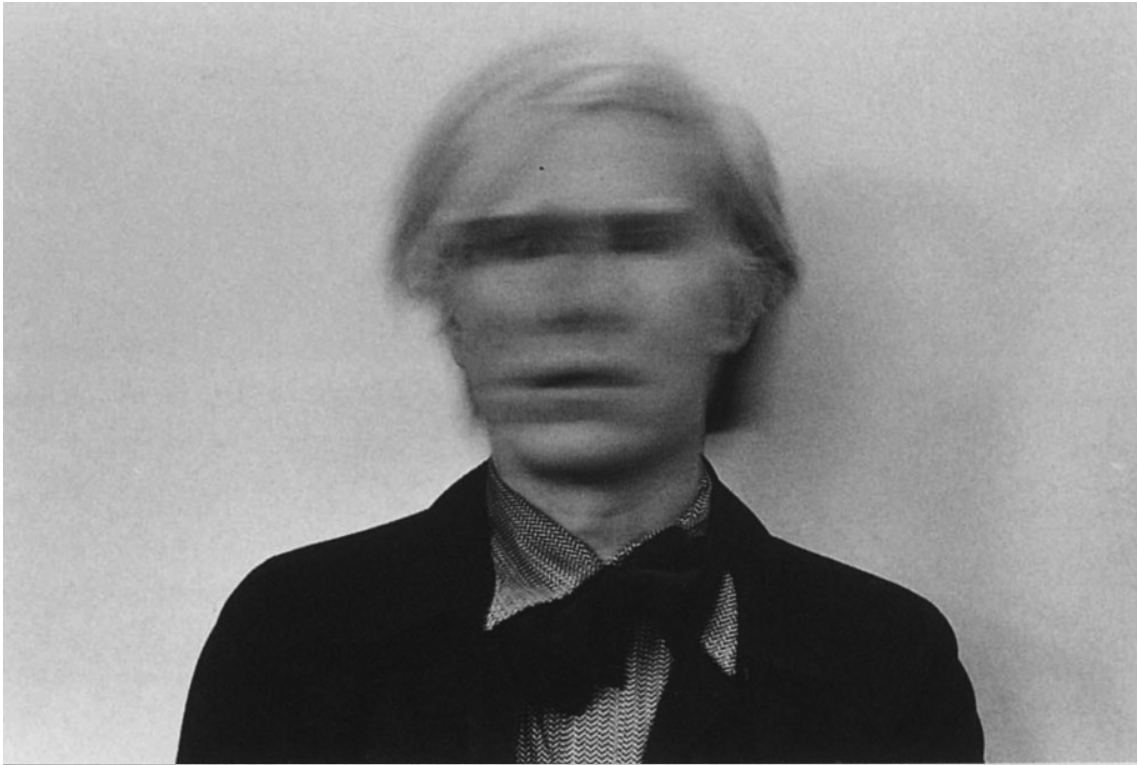


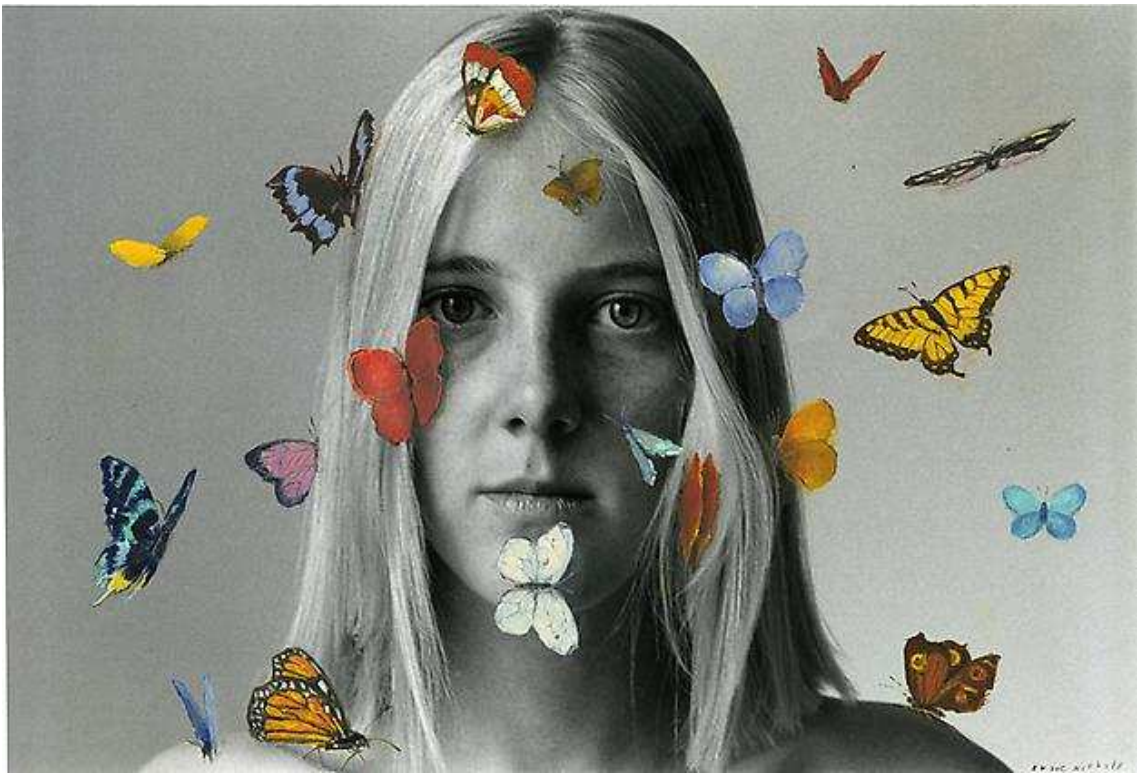
Andy Warhol, 1958

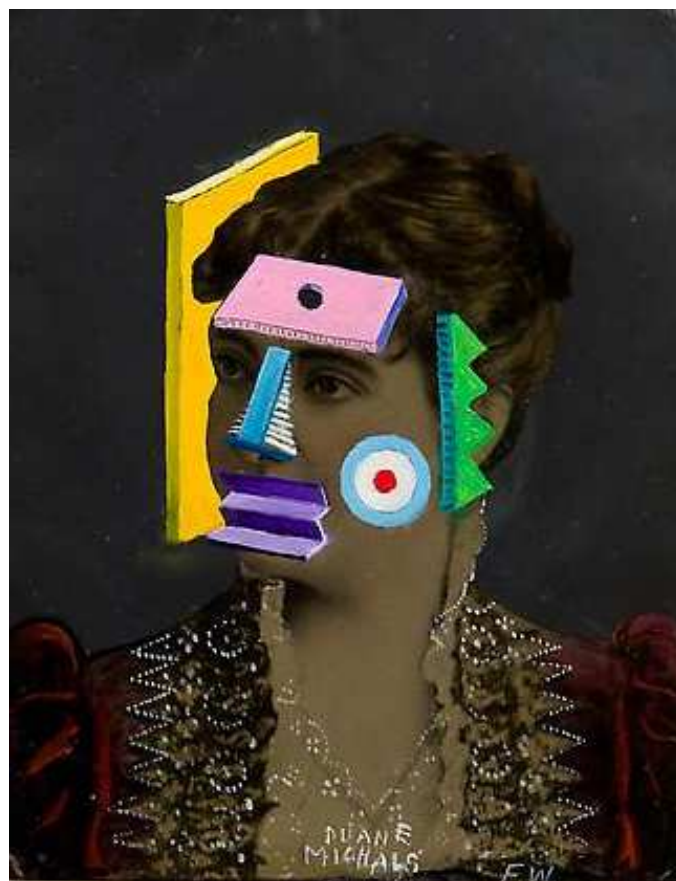
by and michael

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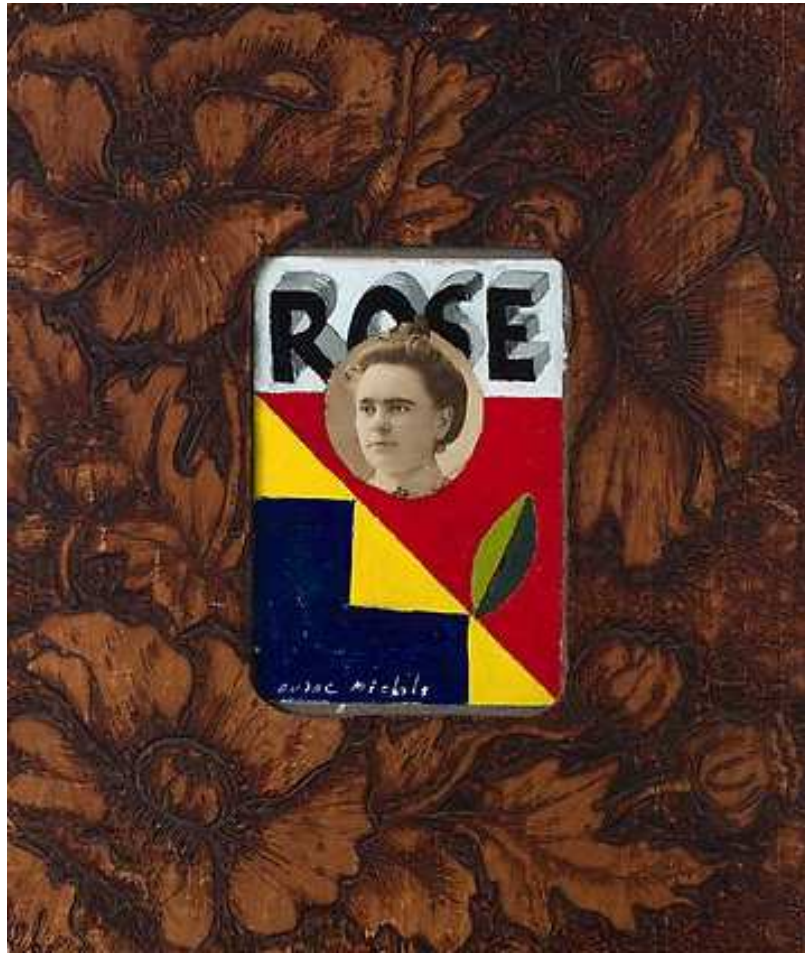








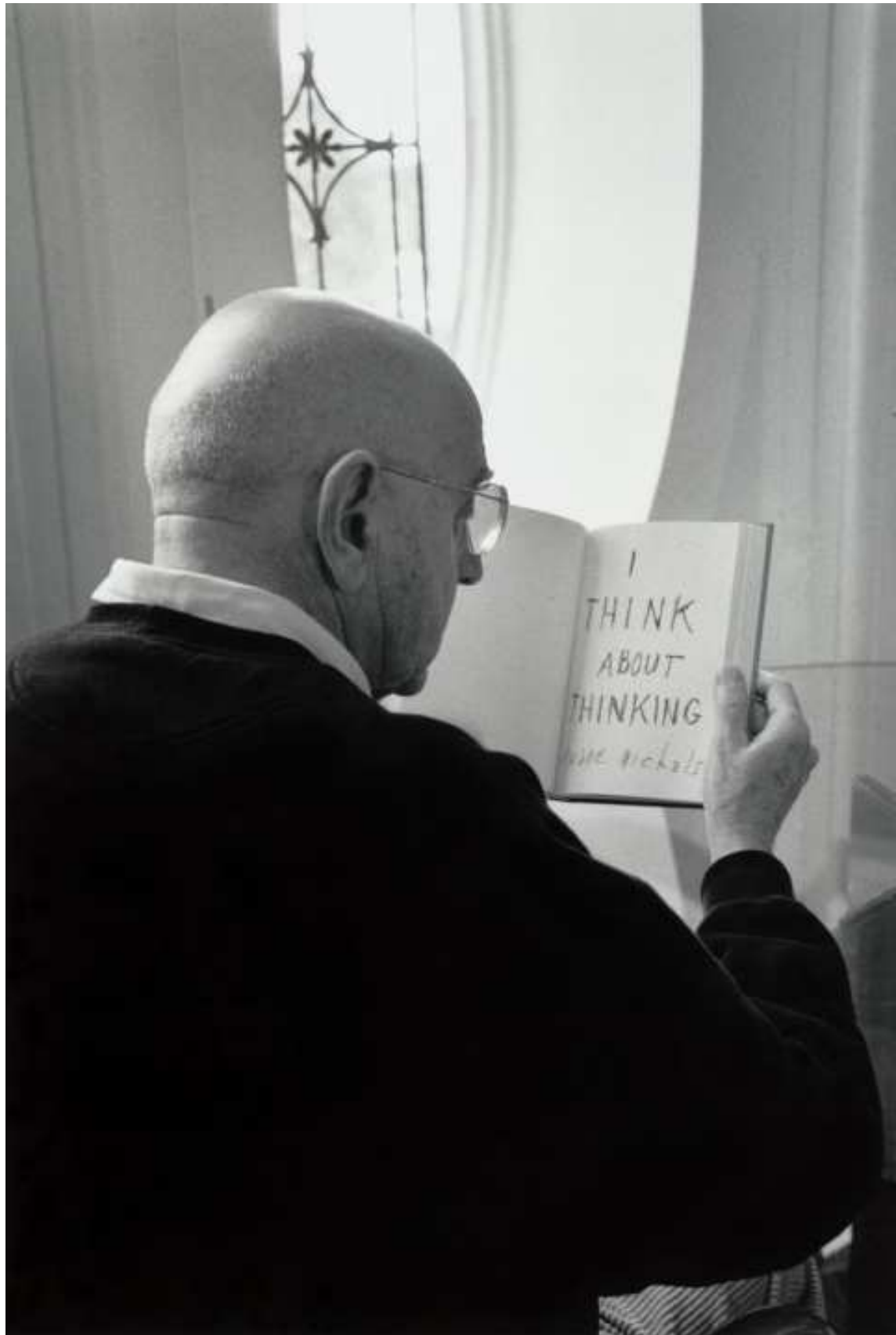






Duane Michals
photos





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